

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. IV.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1900.

Nos. 8 and 9.

The New Century.

"In 1800 men rode in stagecoaches, and in 1900 in automobiles; they carried flint and steel, when to-day they use the electric light; they groaned beneath the surgeon's uncertain knife, took months to cross the ocean, had scarcely one newspaper a week; drunkenness was the fashion; duelling the only code of honor; slavery or serfdom was the normal condition of the majority of the world's people; education was for the few; the 'submerged tenth' of 1900 was the submerged nine-tenths of 1800." The old times were the worst times, the new times are the best.

To be sure, many wrongs need righting still. Christ is not yet universally acknowledged Saviour and Lord; but the signs are hopeful. Still better times are coming. Our God is moving on. Let us be courageous, alert, steady, to our work. I was walking once in some great hills almost wholly formed of the slight fossils of bygone ages. They were not lost. God had built His hills of them. So no work we do for Christ can come to loss. God shall build each least and routine service into the accumulating purposes of His benignant grace.

— Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D.

510 * Tremont * Temple
Boston

"Topics of the Year."

JANUARY.	
Cuba and Porto Rico.	
FEBRUARY.	
Alaska.	
MARCH.	
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HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

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Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1900

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. IV.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 8 and 9.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial Notes.

VACATION days are now upon us. Many of our circles have held their last meeting for the summer, and the workers have separated. With a sigh the officers at 310 Tremont Temple look upon the white pages of our Treasurer's books, and wonder where we can secure the money to pay bills which will present themselves even during vacation. We are working now with *borrowed money*. New work in Cuba has been taken up, and some of our teachers have no vacation. They need their small salaries. We need larger gifts the coming year. Sisters, plan to increase your appropriations to our society, and do not forget the need of funds during the summer.

THREE of our teachers have been with us during the past two months, visiting churches and attending basket-meetings. We hear only words of commendation for these consecrated women. Mrs. W. H. Rishel, of Velarde, N. M.; Mrs. J. C. Andrews, of Provo, Utah, and Miss Mary I. Williams, of Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., will be long remembered in our churches.

We are very glad to give a sketch of Maggie Rattray's life to our readers. All who have visited Spelman Seminary, for the last eight years, have heard of "Our Maggie," and her picture, with that of Lena Clark, will be gladly welcomed by their many friends. A Home Mission student goes to Foreign Mission work.

MISS LENA CLARK, whose picture appears with that of Maggie Rattray, is an African girl, who was adopted by Rev. Mr. Clark, a Scotch missionary on the Congo. She graduated from Spelman Seminary two or three years ago, and went back to assist her adopted parents in their work.

We look with interest upon the Cuban teachers who are seen upon our streets during these days, while attending the summer school at Harvard College. Well bred, courteous, and quiet in their manner, they seem to thoroughly enjoy the new life in which they have entered. We were

pleased to meet quite a number of Baptists among them, and cordially welcome them to our homes and churches.

THE magnificent gift of Mr. Rockefeller to Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., is cause for profound thanksgiving to our Woman's Society. We congratulate the president, Miss H. E. Giles, upon this crowning blessing which the Lord has bestowed upon this institution. The need of a president's house, and also a hospital, is imperative. May this school, which has from the beginning been so signally blessed, still continue to receive the Father's tender care.

"Laborare Est Orare."

ALTHOUGH St. Francesca was unwearied in her devotions, yet if during her prayers she was called away by her husband or any domestic duty, she would close the book cheerfully, saying that a wife and mother, when called upon, must quit her God at the altar to find Him in her domestic affairs.—*Legends of the Monastic Orders.*

How infinite and sweet, Thou everywhere
And all-abounding Love, Thy service is!
Thou liest an ocean round my world of care,
My petty every day; and fresh and fair
Pour Thy strong tides through all my crevices,
Until the silence ripples into prayer.

That Thy full glory may abound, increase,
And so Thy likeness shall be formed in me,
I pray; the answer is not rest or peace,
But charges, duties, wants, anxieties,
Till there seems room for everything but Thee,
And never time for anything but these.

And I should fear, but lo! amid the press,
The whirl and ham and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garments sweep, Thy seamless dress.

I would my friends should see
In my glad eyes the beauty of His face;
Should learn that in His presence there is peace,
Strength, and contentment, that can never cease;
And that His guiding grace
Can lead to patience and humility.

—Sunday Magazine.

Spelman Seminary

ATLANTA, GA., May 26, 1900.

THOUGH I have known for some time that the May letter was expected of me, I find to my dismay that it is among the very last things to be done before leaving for the North. If you know of the innumerable duties of a Hall teacher, you will not require an account of how many, many things have rushed in ahead, demanding all my time, attention, and energies.

As I now pause amid the hurry of these closing days, and think what the year has been, I sincerely wish for the opportunity of talking with you, Mrs. Reynolds, of the many and varied experiences which have been mine in this, the first year of my sojourn in the South. My interest in the pupils and in the work has grown constantly, and although now the idea of a restful summer, with the dear home friends, is most delightful, still by the time autumn tints the landscape, my heart, I know, will turn to Dixie and the work of another year.

In all, there have been fifty-two girls in my hall. Cares, trials, and discouragements must of necessity accompany the position of mothering so many daughters, and the responsibility of moulding their characters by daily influence is ever present. With this burthen of souls on my heart, I have been led as never before to my Heavenly Father, realizing that His power alone could enable me to guide those entrusted to my care to a noble womanhood. There is so much awaiting our girls as they go forth from school to encounter the trials of life! The training which Spelman gives is much required, and all which the pupils receive in the form of sermons, Bible readings, praise and testimony services, devout petitions, lectures on temperance, missions, etc., becomes their strength and stay when school days are past, and they are themselves teachers and helpers to those who are less fortunate. One case is this: A girl in my hall came to Spelman, amid the bitter opposition of her family, who feared she would become proud and so forsake them. Though she does not advance rapidly along the line of books, she seems to imbibe all the good things which fall from the lips of teachers or visiting friends. On her return home, missionary work awaited her. In her own words: "I never heard till I came to Spelman that it was wrong to drink. All the people home do many bad things, but no one told us that we were sinning and we never knew. My brother gave up drinking and saved his money after I talked with him; all the people in the village listened to me, and I started a Sunday school."

Wherever our girls go to teach, their influence is felt, and the tone of the place changes. They have Mothers' Meetings, form Mission Bands, Temperance and Christian Endeavor societies, and thus these poor degraded ones are raised from their dead selves to higher things. The uplifting of the homes is greatly needed; many of the elderly women will never receive the benefits coming to their race, but to the present generation all things are possible.

There have been five conversions, in this hall since last

October; the happy faces and glad words testify to the change of heart and tell of lives being lived anew. One of the older girls had a strange experience.

Many had talked and prayed with Elizabeth who, after a time, gave evidence of being deeply convicted; for two days she moaned and cried, but finally became calm, saying she had decided to be on the Lord's side. Some days later we were much surprised to hear her declare most positively that she hadn't "got religion" and was not a Christian. I talked with her to learn the difficulty. Poor child! Her mother, upon her conversion, had had a wonderful vision as proof that her sins were washed away, and the daughter thought something of the kind essential before she could know herself to be a child of God. A number of the Christian workers tried to convince her that the word of God, so plain, was sufficient. "Whosoever believeth hath everlasting life." But neither words nor prayers, arguments nor pleadings, were of any avail. Several weeks passed by, when one midnight the household was aroused by the most terrible shrieks. Various ideas suggested themselves; was the house on fire or broken into, or had some one gone violently insane? It was the final scene of Elizabeth's fight with Satan and hers was the victory. The much prized vision had been vouchsafed unto her; while sleeping she was taken by angels to Heaven into the very presence of her Lord, who, with tender words, called her His child, the host of angels in white robes rejoiced and sang praises over the redeemed soul, and her happiness was supernal. The downward flight caused her to wake; a voice said, "Wait till the morning to tell the glad news of your new birth," but a more powerful influence caused her to jump up and rush from room to room, proclaiming, at the top of her voice, that she had been redeemed. She now says that she was converted some time ago, when first interested, but it was so hard to be sure, that the Lord gave her this vision of Himself so that doubt would never more be hers.

A recent Sunday night service took the form of a "farewell" to one of our African students, Maggie Ratray, who returns to the Congo, ready with heart and hand to soon better the condition of her people. It was suggested that each girl give Maggie something at parting, so from the meagre store came the trifling articles which could be spared. Some, however, had nothing whatever to give, so in order that they should not feel badly the idea was started of writing letters to go in her trunk, to be read by our brave little friend in her faraway home, when the happy school-girl days should be of the past. Many kind wishes and loving prayers followed this girl missionary as she goes forth from us to take up her life-work.

What are my chief needs? Practical ones, *very*. We have been lamentably short of sheets and pillow cases this winter. After much patching, my quilts will stand the wear and tear of another year.

I am greatly impressed with the beautiful harmony with which this extensive institution is carried on. I feel honored to be associated with so noble a band of women, in their grand and glorious undertaking. With kindest wishes, truly yours,

MABEL H. PARSONS.

MARGARET GRACE RATTRAY was born in Africa. When a little child, Nkabeni (her native name) was stolen from her home by a band of Arab traders. On the way to the coast, she was ransomed by one of the missionaries, and named for the wife of an English gentleman who was interested in redeeming some of the stolen children.

Mukimbungu was the station to which she was first taken by Mr. Fredrickson. She went to Palabala, and, while with the missionaries and under their instruction, was converted. From Palabala she was taken to Scotland by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark, where she became an inmate of the family of Mr. Gilbert I. Wildredge, remaining there two years, attending school, learning to sew, knit, and work with the famous Scotch neatness and thrift, when a severe illness rendered it desirable to remove her to a milder climate. With Lena F.



LENA CLARK AND MAGGIE RATTRAY.

Clark, who had been longer in Scotland, she was sent by Rev. Joseph Clark to Atlanta, where she became a student in Spelman Seminary, and has remained for eight years. When it became evident that her work was calling her, she was taken from the regular course and given special studies. Receiving instruction in Bible, the missionary training course, nursing, industrial, music, and French, the latter being the State language, in which all State business is conducted, "our Maggie" has been an earnest Christian worker, not only in the school, but in needy Sunday schools in the city. None knew her but to admire her spotless

character, and unassuming, modest manner, crowned by good common sense, an earnest purpose, and devoted Christian spirit.

The Latest from Alaska.

JULY 10th a letter was received from Mr. Coe, Alaska, dated June 19th. We quote a portion of it for our readers:

"Well, I must tell you what we have been doing. First and foremost we have been taking care of the sick. We have passed through a regular epidemic of grippé. It has gripped us all; almost all of the children were down with it. Mrs. Campbell had the quinsy and was in bed for two days. Miss Denniston is now in the clutches of grippé, and feels that life has no charms. Wife has been very ill, but has not been in bed as much as she should have been. The three children have had it, and I am now so hoarse that I have difficulty in talking at all. A week ago Sunday we had no evening service, as I was coughing so much, and last Sunday I spent in bed, thinking I could thus get rid of the hoarseness; but it was of no use. Last Wednesday evening Dick died of meningitis. He had lain in a stupor for about a week. We are fortunate just now, for we have a doctor who will remain with us for a few weeks. We are all better at this writing, and I hope that it will be permanent.

"The boys have been after red salmon a number of times, and we have about two thousand or twenty-five hundred salted and dried. We have a nice lot smoking at present. This is the first time that we have had any very flattering success with drying fish in the open air. If we get no more fish this season we will not go begging for it this winter. They are the nicest lot of fish we have ever put up.

"The new dormitory, Winch Home for Boys, has been planned, and a frame is up and men at work every day. The rough sheeting will be on to-day. I wish I could be there all the time and boss the job along. I know I would be able to rush it; but I can't do it. I started in and got so warm that every night before supper I had to change all my clothing; it is that, perhaps, that helped the grippé get me under. The workmen are all natives, and one is pretty good, but no native can learn how to take advantage of work. The building is 24x36, two stories and attic. The first floor has four rooms, hall and bath. The second floor, one small room, closets, and the rest in one large room for sleeping-room for large boys. The attic is for store-room; the ceiling of each story will be nearly nine feet. It is connected with our cottage, and we will use one of the rooms for a kitchen. The end most prominently in view will have a bay window in a room that we are planning to use for an office and library. I think it will be a neat appearing building. Of course, the architect would naturally think so. The gardens are all planted and are growing slowly, for the spring has been very backward."

As we read Mr. Coe's letter we wonder how he can accomplish so much amid such difficulties. How can we help him? Prompt remittance of money for the support of the work is one way. Do *now* what you propose to do. Remember that salaries of teachers and current expenses know no vacation in Alaska. Bills must be met promptly. Do not add to our already overburdened workers unnecessary burdens. While we pray earnestly for God's blessing upon them, let us strengthen their hands and encourage their hearts, by prompt and generous gifts. Has *your* Bible school a share in this Mission?

MR. J. McWHINNIE.

ADJUNTAS, PORTO RICO.



R. RUDD and I came here on the 10th instant. After four days' services he returned to Ponce, but I have remained for several weeks' work. I have the good news to tell you that on Sunday morning, the 13th, Mr. Rudd baptized five men, the first fruits of his work

here since last summer. These men are plain working men, three carpenters among them, and we hope they fully understand what they are about. After the baptisms in the river, we returned to the service hall, and Mr. Rudd organized a church of these five members. So the work goes on, and advances little by little. Others wish to be baptized, women among them; but we are waiting for them to understand more of the meaning of what they ask for.

This is a rainy day, the first we have had since I came. I have just come from the inn, where I took morning coffee and bread, to the little room I am occupying in Doña Clara's house. The blue roses are still creeping over the sickly yellow walls, and the cloth ceiling hangs in tatters; but, at least, I am snug and dry, and pennyroyal does the rest, — that is, it stops the plague of fleas and ants, and even discourages mosquitoes to a degree.

From thirty-five feet above the ground, Adjuntas seems to be as beautiful as a mountain town can be, for the air is pure and *breathable*, as Ponce air is not just now, and the mountains are very fine. Below the roofs of the one-storied houses there is a surging mass of misery and sin that makes the heart sick. For two or three days I was depressed by the poverty and even starvation everywhere; but I am trying to steel my heart against it, as I am no doctor to cure, and have no money to feed the people with.

All day the streets are full of deathly looking men and women and little children, who come in from the mountains. There is no cure for their sickness, the army surgeon tells me, for post-mortem examinations reveal in these anæmic subjects, all the internal organs shrivelled up, the liver hard as leather, and the valves of the hearts dilated. I have listened to the heart of a dear child who lives in this house, and it sounds like the rushing of a steam fan, while the beating is hardly audible. Her lips are marked by form only, no color at all, and she is like a piece of yellow wax. But Anita has at least a roof over her head, and food to eat, as her aunt, a poor widow herself, has taken her in.

The hopeless procession passing every day is dying by degrees. There is no work for the sick; they are homeless and hungry, and I do not know what they are to do, but pray that their sufferings may be short, and that they may be soon. Of course we help when we can, but there is a limit to what we can do, and it is hard to discriminate when *all* are hungry, if not all deserving. What the well men need is seed, and patches of ground for planting, and for erecting their shanties of palm-leaf thatching, so as to begin over again. Ah! what I want is money for a little orphan asylum. If you could see these sad, swollen, or

emaciated little creatures, with their glorious dark eyes and pathetic smiles. I want to bathe them, to dress them in the two clean garments which is all they need, to feed them, to put them into clean beds, to teach them, and to make them happy and good little boys and girls.

There are plans for an orphan asylum in Ponce, to accommodate 300 or 400 children. But, alas! it is almost certain that, though a government project, it will be largely in Roman Catholic hands. The Catholic bishop, an American, has the chief hand in the matter, and it is thought that nuns will be put in charge. Mr. Rudd and I are much exercised about this, and he says he will make a fight against any religious sect having control of a government institution. But a little Baptist orphanage, which would care for, say, fifteen children, at first! What do you think of it?

I resumed my classes for children, with twenty-five in attendance, yesterday. Mrs. Andrews, wife of the captain of the cavalry troop stationed here, helped me with the singing. She and her husband are Christians, and identify themselves with our work here, which is of much help to us. Though Episcopalians, they believe heartily in mission work, and are ready to lend a hand in any way.

Now the sun is almost out for a little time, and I must go out and see a poor family where a death occurred yesterday, and where there is more illness.

JANIE PRITCHARD DUGGAN.

Baptist Chinese Mission.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., June 24, 1900.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Dear Friend: We desire to thank you for your supporting the Mission for our Chinese. The school year is nearly closed for this year. We hope you continue to confer that favor to our people. We are strangers in this country. The Mission is really the supporting of our minds. Without the Mission we cannot obtain the light from our Lord Jesus.

During the year past the school is quite improving, short times ago we have three new converts to received the baptism as the Lord himself, beside we have several young men desire to follow the Lord Jesus.

Miss Willsie have done much for us by her work. Mrs. Nelson is faithful to help the Mission. Some other teacher sometimes came to help us. After the lesson we all remains to attend the Bible class, the average number about 18 of this month. When we are converted we are anxious for my people being saved. We contribute a part to the supporting of a native preacher to preaching in our homes, and hope the Lord's light will shine over there. All the Chinese Christians salute you. The grace of the Lord Jesus be with you all. Yours respectfully, LEE TO.

VIRGINIA has voted in favor of holding a constitutional convention with the purpose of disfranchising the negroes, the vote polled being small, and the large majorities for the convention being given in districts where the negroes are most numerous.

The Gospel among the Kiowas.



REQUEST came for a letter on the missionary work among the Kiowas. It is with pleasure that I undertake to tell you something of the results of the preaching of the gospel among these Indians.

When I say "Indians," I can imagine some little white children, and, for that matter, some larger ones, too, seeming to feel a chill of horror run down their spinal column, as pictures of painted faces, feathered head-gear, tomahawks, and bows and arrows flit across their minds. And some may feel glad that they are in places of safety. It is to just these people especially that I want to write to better inform them, and also to tell those who have helped the Indians something of their appreciation and thankfulness.



LUCY HICKS.

The gospel has had a wide influence, a large number have been converted and are struggling against the temptations of the Indian life, chiefly that of the mescal and ghost dance,—two Indian customs, or, as they claim, ways of worshipping God. Its influence has been marked upon the lives of those who have practised it.

As the gospel purifies and sweetens the soul, so it has not failed of its other mission, that of purifying the home. The missionary, by his home and his life, by precept and example, tries to show that to be truly God's children is not simply to be saved from sin, but to do the work God has given; and the duty that falls to woman is the home and its atmosphere. They are taught that the outward surroundings are the examples of the heart within, and as God wants the heart clean and sinless, so He wants it shown in the house clean and dirtless. By the power of the Divine Spirit they are brought to realize the true

import of this teaching, that everything, all duty, must be done, if they are to please God. I fear many of us, in our far more enlightened condition, are not so careful in the performance of duty. As a result, the tepee begins to be abandoned for something that cannot be picked up and torn down in a moment,—for houses that can be kept in order. Houses, we call them, but if some of you should see them you would not call them all such. While some of them are very nice, as a rule, they are small with but two or three rooms. Many of you can look back and remember a little old house in which you lived, until by patience and perseverance you reached the place you now occupy. You can remember how proud you were of the old house, and how dear it was to you. So it is with these people. They are delighted with the thought that they are to have a house, and everybody hears of the house long before the lumber is on the ground. They save up money to buy chairs, tables, etc., while they depend very largely on the missionaries, and they, in turn, depend upon the generosity of white people, for other household furnishings. The women have an organization, the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society of each church. By making and selling quilts they earn money for the Lord. Every cent goes to the Lord and His work. These societies send money to the American Baptist Home Mission Society and elsewhere, for the promulgation of the gospel.

"But what are the men doing?" you ask. They work side by side with their women caring for their farms; and you know that this means a change. Formerly the women did all that work, now they only assist their husbands in it. The men are active in church work, and in every way are beginning to recognize their importance and place in life. Their children are in school, and they learn very fast. Forty were converted and baptized at one time. Perhaps you read of it in the *Missionary Magazine*.

Mrs. Clouse, the pastor's wife at Rainy Mountain, organized a Junior Band, and it has been a flourishing one and is of great benefit. I wish you might meet those Juniors some time. Miles intervene, but you can all meet around a common mercy seat, even the Father's throne, and seek His blessing and help.

I hope this may prove interesting and profitable to you, as well as helpful to the Indians, for your hearty help and prayers are much needed.

May God's blessing attend you, and may everything you do in His Name prosper.

Yours, In His Name,

LUCY HICKS.

The above was written by one of our Cherokee Indian girls, who is in Indian University, fitting herself to go as a missionary to these Kiowa Indians. She is a niece of George W. Hicks, who graduated from Indian University in '87, and has done such an excellent work among these Indians since that time.

Lucy has been with us two years, and during that time has made wonderful progress. She is as bright as any white girl we have of her age. She is entirely dependent upon the benefactions of others for her support, and is a worthy young woman.

M. M. PRATT.

From New Hampshire.



THE month of June is ended, its record to be revealed in the great day of judgment. It has been a pleasant month, with many encouraging features. Families, previously visited, have been called upon regularly during the month. Already some of those parties have visited the chapel for the first time in their lives; never before have they entered the threshold of a Protestant meeting-house.

They were surprised to hear the minister pray and sing the praises of Jesus. Others have promised to come in the very near future. A mother of a large family, who, when I first called upon her, was very bitter against the Protestants, and their false religion, has changed for the better, and has been so awakened to the errors of the Catholic church that she has bought a Testament, and prizes it highly. She is an encouraging case. I go often to see her to explain what she cannot grasp concerning the truth contained in the Bible. Another young mother, who has bought a copy of the New Testament and who does not fear the priests, keeps her Testament in a very conspicuous place in the house. On several occasions she and two of her girls have come to the church with us, and apparently no more interesting case can be had anywhere. One of the mothers has had a dispute with her priest about certain doctrines taught in the Catholic church, and says she will never step into the Catholic church again. May our Heavenly Father bless such families, and open their eyes to the awful system of Romanism, is my prayer. I also find that the homes that have mended their ways to cleanliness are still improving. I called on them last week and found progress. Another French Catholic mother, intelligent and bright, had a very sick child. The fact that she had a Testament was known to many of her neighbors and friends. No one would give her help. Your missionary (myself) went and gave her assistance in every way possible. She was greatly cheered by this kind act on the part of a Protestant lady.

Helping in the line of clothing and mending garments has given me many opportunities to make friendly conversations with the mothers, never losing a chance to speak a kind word for the Master. But as I find my way thus into many homes, the priest becomes more enraged against your Protestant Bible woman.

The light is spreading more and more. The French must and will be eventually evangelized, as they form an integral part of our States. I believe that our societies are doing for them a noble work, a work that honors the name of Christ, and upbuilds them into noblest aspirations and to a truer Americanism. Please remember me in your prayers.

SOPHIA M. CROSS.

94 Chestnut St., Nashua, N. H., June 30, 1900.

A TEACHER among the Indians said she once asked a young man, a Santee student who had brought her a handful of beautiful roses, "Where is it that Jesus spoke of God's care for the flowers?" He looked thoughtful a minute, then said: "Luke 11th—no, Luke 12th," and there she found it.

"Bijah's 'Liza'."

A True Thanksgiving Story.

"**L**IF up your heads, O ye gates; even lift 'dem up, ye everlas'in' doors; and de King of Glory shall come in. Who is dis King of Glory? De Lawd of Hos's, He is de King of Glory."

Two men, laughing boisterously, were on their way to the cotton fields, and hearing the voice, looked in curiously as they passed the cabin door. "Oh, it's only 'Bijah's 'Liza,'" one of them said; but he lowered his tone as they went on more quietly.

By little the noise of talking and laughing died away from the quarters, and soon it was deserted except for the babies and one or two older children left to "nuss" them. These were expected to amuse themselves all day near the cabins, and find their own "taters" for dinner.

In the cabin at the end sat "'Bijah's 'Liza," the cripple. Soon she stopped her monotonous chant of the twenty-fourth psalm, and leaned her head forward, with closed eyes, resting.

In her thoughts she was seeing the picture never far distant from her memory; a homely schoolroom, peopled with childish faces, black, like her own; her own face bent in patient eagerness over a Second Reader; the beloved teacher, whom it was a happiness just to be near. She saw the school, too, at the beginning of the day, sitting with folded hands and reverent faces, repeating some portion of the Scriptures in concert, and then following the teacher through a simple prayer.

Poor "'Bijah's 'Liza!" Through all her crippled childhood school had been only a dream, made real by the stories of the more fortunate children who could attend it; but her many entreaties at last prevailed, and, with anxious longings, her parents watched her on her first two-mile walk to the school established by the fostering care of Friends of the Freedmen.

With the help of the children she had learned something at home, and now began the Second Reader with the determination to conquer it or die.

The little hunchback, with the grown-up face and the child's body, made small progress in learning to read, but showed a wonderful aptitude for committing Bible verses, which the teacher taught orally. Everything of a religious nature she seemed to absorb rather than to learn; but she could not get her lessons.

Afterwards the teacher reproached herself for many things, though it was impossible to know whether she had been too lenient or too insistent with the pathetic-faced cripple, or whether the long, hard walk through the woods was to be blamed.

Perhaps what came could not have been averted; but, at all events, the girl was taken suddenly and violently ill, and, at last, when her strength came creeping back, she was helpless. The poor back was almost double, so that the head leaned on the chest, the knees were bent to an acute angle, and the arms and hands were twisted out of shape and were useless.

So 'Liza sat, day after day, in the chair rudely made to

fit her deformity through the ingenuity of her father's love. All day long she sat there, while her father and mother worked in the field, and "bobber" Anderson was at school.

She amused herself by studying the colored pictures of the Sabbath-school lessons pasted on the wall, or by singing the hymns and reciting the verses learned at school. Often she gave herself up to delicious memories of that happy six months, lingering over every detail of it.

When her father came home at night he lifted her tenderly in his arms and laid her on the bed, and, lying in that stiffened heap, with face upturned, she listened eagerly to the stories the children brought home, and asked numberless questions.

So passed the day with 'Liza Benn.

But the night talks had grown wondrously interesting of late. The mellow fall days had come, with the indications of oncoming winter; it was almost the last of November, and, for many weeks, the children had been preparing a programme for a public service at the church on Thanksgiving Day. It had all been new and strange to them.

'Liza had heard the whole programme over and over again, but even more interesting than that was the account of the origin and reasons for continuing the observance of the day, now heard by her for the first time.

The whole community was invited to hear the recitations and singing; and, at a certain place in the programme, a collection of pennies was to be asked for, which was to go to missions. Thus the children and their parents were made to feel that they had made an offering of thanks for the mercies of the year.

'Liza had been very much impressed with the appropriateness of this from the first, and spent many an hour thinking on the subject, and on this day on which we find her sitting, as usual, alone in the cabin, some new thought has taken possession of her, and stirred the habitual calm of her face. This is Wednesday, and on to-morrow is to be the wonderful service at the church.

When night came 'Liza lay, as usual, with upturned face and eager eyes, listening to the children; but when the last one had gone, and all was growing still at the quarters, she called her father to her, and together they had a long, whispered consultation, which seemed to end pleasantly for them both.

Cheerfully, almost with glee, the deformed girl watched the people preparing for the Thanksgiving service, and smiled a pleasant good-by to all. Only when she was alone a sadness, and, for a moment, almost a bitterness, settled upon the pale-lined face, and one little tear rolled down her cheek.

But not many followed it, for 'Liza was economical with her tears, and she soon chased away all sadness by delightful fancies of what might be going on at the church, and whither her fancy has carried her let us go.

The service is over, the audience is dispersing, and the teachers stand by the table which holds the pennies which have been brought. Beside the little pile of money lay three ears of yellow corn.

"'Liza send dem," said 'Bijah Benn, awkwardly. "Her

hadn't no penny, and so her 'member you all use to tell her Bible stories 'bout God's people bringin' dere firs'-fruits, so she ast me to fech defines 'an' bes' years. Please, mem, dey're her offerin'."

There were tears in the teachers' eyes as they carried an ear apiece to their little cottage home, the precious thanksgiving offering of the little cripple.

On the following morning each ear took its separate way northward, accompanied by its simple story. God, and those most nearly concerned, know what became of the two ears, but the fate of the third fell to the knowledge of the writer, and is as follows:

The missionary society to whom it was sent tied a ribbon securely about it and hung it in their room, where it would remain as a constant reminder to them of "first-fruits."

Each member of the society donated one ear of corn, which was planted in the spring as "missionary corn." The story spread and purchasers grew while yet the corn was in the field.

Wonderful to relate, before another Thanksgiving Day had come, the story of this multiplied ear of corn was sent to "'Liza's teacher." It was the morning of Thanksgiving that Miss Eunice found her way to 'Liza's bedside.

Looking up into the teacher's face, with joy unutterable, the happy girl learned how reports had been sent in from different owners of corn fields, till an amount of money had already been raised to support a little girl in a far-away mission school for one year, and that they hoped to raise much more.

"It was your thought, and the offering that came from it, that inspired this greater thought and offering," 'Liza," said the teacher. "I believe God wants you to think of that little girl as being sent to school by you. You gave what you could and God blessed it, as He does any gift of sacrifice or consecration."

With luminous eyes and a radiant smile, which seemed to transfigure the poor worn face, 'Liza whispered in tones tremulous with joy: "Did de Lawd 'cept what dis pore chile gib? De Lawd of Hos's—de great King of Glory! I neber 'pected to be so happy!" and the weak voice broke jubilantly into the words of her favorite psalm:

"'Lif' up your heads, O ye gates; even lif' dem up, ye everlastin' doors; and de King of Glory shall come in. Who is dis King of Glory? De Lawd of Hos's. He is de King of Glory."

HELEN E. BOYDEN.

Dwell Deep.

DWELL deep! The little things that chafe and fret,

Oh, waste not golden hours to give them heed!

The slight, the thoughtless wrong, do thou forget;

Be self-forgotten in serving other's need;

Thou faith in God through love for man shalt keep.

Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!

Dwell deep! Forego the pleasure if it bring

Neglect of duty; consecrate each thought;

Believe thou in the good of everything,

And trust that all unto the wisest end is wrought;

Bring thou this comfort unto all who weep.

Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!

—James Buckham.



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Anniversary Echoes.



voyage and a safe return.

REV. H. P. McCORMICK writes of his safe return to San Juan, Porto Rico, and of the hearty welcome he received from his congregation and friends in San Juan. Also he speaks very hopefully of the outlook.

DR. H. R. MOSELEY, who has so acceptably addressed many churches and associations in New England concerning the work in Eastern Cuba, was one of the speakers at the B. Y. P. U. Convention at Cincinnati, and, after a short vacation, will again represent the work in New England, until his return to Cuba, about October 1st.

The Society appointed Rev. D. A. Wilson missionary to Guadalajara, Mexico, one of the finest cities in the Republic, having a population of fully a hundred thousand. Brother Wilson has been on the field for several years, but for the last two years or thereabouts has been carrying on his work independently of any society. His labors have been attended with success, and it is believed that there is a bright future for our cause in that field. Thus, as new opportunities for the extension of our work present themselves, larger resources will be required for the fields occupied.

REV. A. R. CAVAZOS, of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, writes that during the last quarter he baptized nine persons, and expects others soon to follow; audiences are good, and the church is contributing toward the support of a pastor.

WHAT Charles Sumner said of our national flag:—"The stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim the union of States forming our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The very colors have a language. 'White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice.'"

Disfranchising the Negro.

THE Mississippi plan," for disfranchising the negro, is being followed by other Southern States. Under the plausible mask of an educational qualification, judges of election can rule out almost any colored voter, and, at their option, admit many whites inferior in intelligence and in education. "The grandfather clause" in some States is a cunning scheme to let in the illiterate white vote. It prescribes that descendants of whites, who were entitled to vote prior to 1867, shall have the right of suffrage, regardless of any educational restrictions. Masses of those voters in 1867 were utterly illiterate, as, very largely, their descendants still are. The *Raleigh News and Observer*, of North Carolina, squarely says: "The adoption of the amendment will settle the race question in North Carolina, as it has done in Louisiana. The negro will practically cease to vote, while all white men will continue to vote as in Louisiana. The amendment will not only disfranchise the negro, it will free the white man by making it possible for him to vote as he pleases, instead of on race lines, as now. Surely no measure has ever been presented to the people that promises so much that is good and uplifting, as does this measure." "Good and uplifting!"

Population of Cuba.

THE census of Cuba, recently taken, shows a total population of 1,572,797. Of this number, 910,298, or about three-fifths are white of native birth. There are 142,218 foreign whites on the island. There are 234,638 negroes; the mixed races 270,805; the Chinese 14,857. The Spanish by birth number 129,240.

The population of the two eastern provinces comprising the field of the Home Mission Society is as follows: Puerto Principe, 88,234; Santiago, 327,715, a total of 415,949, or over one-fourth of the whole. Of the total population, 443,426 can read and write, and 19,458 have a superior education. The number reported as single is 1,108,709; as married, 246,351; while 131,787 live together by mutual consent; and 85,112 are widowed.

SPEAK to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

Romanism and the Public Schools in Porto Rico.



At a Teachers' Conference in San Juan, Porto Rico, on June 26th, Rev. Juan Vallmer, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Brazil, in the course of his address remarked that the illiteracy pervading the South American States, was largely due to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. Thereupon a Roman Catholic bishop and some priests who were present, with great vociferation, denounced the statement as false, and after creating great confusion withdrew from the Conference.

The *San Juan News*, referring to the incident, says that "the issue whether religion shall be taught in the public schools of Porto Rico is now fairly and squarely before us, and must be fairly and squarely met." In the course of its editorial it says: "What is the condition of our own beautiful island to-day? For nearly four hundred years religious instruction has been the essential feature of the curriculum in our schools, and yet approximately ninety per cent. of our population are unable to read or write. Are we to permit our schools to revert back to a system that has long been proved and found wanting—a system that has made the intellectual status of Spain and her dependencies a by-word among the civilized nations of the earth? Decidedly so."

It further says: "The claim made by one of the speakers that this is a Roman Catholic country, and for that reason the Catholic religion should be taught in our public schools, is false. The masses of the people have no religion at all, and but a small minority are adherents of the Roman Catholic Church."

These are straight, and strong, and sound utterances, and Romanism will have to heed them.

Mormonism in Mexico.

INTO northeastern Sonora and northwestern Chihuahua, according to an elaborate account in the *New York Tribune*, there is a steady stream of emigration of Mormons from Utah. Already they number about five thousand. The migration began about twelve years ago in consequence of anti-polygamy legislation by the United States Congress. Mexico encouraged their coming by granting them concessions and privileges; mining companies welcomed them because the products of their farms were needed. The country to which they went was arid, treeless, and uninviting, except in the valleys, which were rendered fertile by irrigation, as were the deserts of Utah. Besides engaging in agriculture, many of the Mormons are freighters for various mining companies. The women toil, especially in the vegetable gardens and in the care of the cows, making butter and cheese, and gathering the fruit crops. Recently a Mormon went to one of the colonies with two young wives, who were strong and willing to work, while he was willing they should, and did nothing himself. He became dissatisfied with the colony, wanted to return to Utah, whereupon his two wives, with proceeds of the sale of products, sent him away and remained on their little farm.

There are now eight colonies, in some of which the neat brick residences of the settlers are almost hidden in grapevines and thick clusters of peach, pear, plum, and apricot trees, the clear water in irrigating ditches running through the streets and into yards and gardens, as in Salt Lake City.

They are thoroughly well organized, have laid the foundations of a splendid temple, have their churches and schools, their tithing stores,—every Mormon being required to contribute ten per cent. of his income to the church. When the railroad system of Utah is extended into Arizona and southern California, as it will be before long, communication between the Mormons of Utah and of Mexico will be easy. Mexico may become a refuge for polygamists, and from that new centre their emissaries may go forth for a fresh campaign as polygamists. Indeed, the renewed activity of the Utah Mormons in making proselytes, is an indication that such a defeat as was experienced in the rejection of their representative, Roberts, has not broken their spirit, but rather nerved them for new endeavor. All too little are we doing to check the progress of this pestilence.

New Mexico.

WHY is it a patriotic, as well as a Christian work, to carry education to New Mexico? Read and ponder.

In politics, as a rule, the Mexican votes as it suits the party that pays him, changing from one side to the other. Many do not know that they are citizens of the United States.

The more influential and wealthy citizens often control the vote of the poor and ignorant class. As there are only a few moneyed men in each plaza, and the remainder are dependent on these for employment, the employer often leads the workingman where he will.

A large part of the population do not understand that they are citizens of the United States—they know no country but New Mexico. When volunteers were called for in the late war, they seemed to feel that they were Spanish. Of the "Rough Riders" from New Mexico only eight were Mexicans. A prominent Mexican told the people in the Plaza, one evening, not to enlist, for they were Spanish.

It would seem impossible for great patriotism where so great ignorance exists, though they are not a rebellious people, and are generally quiet and law-abiding.

Swedish Baptists in New England.

THE thirteen Swede Baptist churches of the New England States (except Connecticut) held their first Annual Conference in the Harlem Street Church, Worcester, May 25th and 26th. The newly organized church in New Bedford was admitted, making fourteen in all, with a membership of over sixteen hundred. Reports showed that eighty were baptized during the year and as many more were received by letter and experience. Ten of these churches have their own church edifice, valued at about \$60,000, with a debt of less than \$15,000. About \$2,100 has been received from different American societies to aid these churches, and \$20,000 has been collected in the churches themselves for different church and missionary work. Nine hundred children attend our Sunday schools.

The Conference expressed its appreciation of the aid rendered by the Home Mission Society and several State Conventions, and expressed the hope that no retrenchment would be made.

Among the Full-Blood Indians.

I THINK my work the last quarter has been useful to the Master's cause among the full-bloods. They certainly need attention. On one trip my good wife and I rode forty miles among the mountains of Apuckshonubble District in Choctaw Nation. Most of the way we had to hold on to the wagon to keep from being spilled out. At the end of our journey every bone ached. But we were richly repaid by being of use to the Indians. They had built a neat little chapel in a beautiful valley. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people," whether white, red, or black. There were no whites, and the Indians were camped all around the little chapel which they had built with much labor, and, to them, great expense. They desired to be organized into a church, and it was a pleasure to comply with their request. I wish there might be a young, active man, with suitable qualifications appointed, who would give himself exclusively to work among the thirty-five or forty thousand full-bloods of Indian Territory. Such a man could restore the former life and vigor into the sixty churches, and renew the interest here and in the States in this Indian mission work that characterized the days of Evan and John B. Jones, H. F. Buckner, Jesse Busyhead, and others. J. S. MURROW.

Atoka, Ind. Ter.

Eighteen Kiowas Baptized.

REV. N. B. RAIRDEN, writing June 30th says: "I have just returned from a long trip in Indian Territory and Oklahoma. I attended the board meeting at Ardmore on the 19th, stopping over at Oklahoma City, and also visiting El Reno. From there I went direct to the Rainy Mountain Mission on the 20th. The meetings began the 21st at Saddle Mountain; we had a splendid meeting, and one which will be remembered by the Indians for years to come. Nineteen persons professed conversion and were baptized, — eighteen Kiowas and one white man. Surely the Lord has been gracious to us in the favor he has shown to this department of our work.

"I visited our Wichita, Arapahoe, and our two Cheyenne Missions on my way home. The Arapahoe Mission is passing through a crisis, as the medicine men and other opposers to Christianity are doing everything they possibly can to keep the people away from the Mission, and prevent them from hearing the gospel. They wanted to borrow our gospel tent of Brother King, in which to hold their hand games, which they play all night, and which are a form of heathen worship. Brother King very properly declined, telling them that we did not use our churches for games of any kind; that they were kept for the worship of Jesus. I think the opposition will spend itself soon. Our visit was a great encouragement and help to Brother King and his wife.

"Our work among the Cheyennes progresses very well indeed, and there is every indication of increasing interest on the part of the Indians.

"I hope for large results in the future."

A-Ha-Tone's Conversion.

THE story of the conversion of A-ha-tone, interpreter for the Kiowas, as told by himself, has not before appeared in print, so far as we know. His words, spoken very deliberately, were taken down by a hearer who gives them to us for publication.

"I hear the missionary preach and feel heap bad. I know I was awful sinner. Then I went down to camp to see the men gamble and drive off bad feeling. Some man say to me, 'Injin want to gamble?' I put down all I had and lost it. Then I put up pony, saddle, bridle, everything, and lost him all. Then I feel very bad, and went to the agent and say to him: 'White man took everything Injin had.' 'What his name?' he said. I told him, then he said: 'You must come into court and testify.' Then I awful scared, but he said: 'You must come or the officer come after you.' So I went to court and when I saw the judge I shake all over. He look at me and say: 'Do you see the man who gambled with you?' And I said, 'yes,' and pointed right at him. Then he say, 'What did he take from you?' I say, money. 'What else?' Pony. 'What else?' Saddle. 'What else?' Bridle. Then the judge said to him: 'You go to jail;' and to me: 'You go home.' But I feel awful bad going home. I had testified against white man and send him to jail, and I think bimby I stand before God in judgment, and all my sins will be brought out. Then I ask Jesus to take poor Injin's part."

A Notable Conversion.

Roman Catholic Priest Becomes a Baptist.

THE renunciation of Romanism by M. J. Arthur Coutlee, a Roman Catholic priest, and his identification with the French-Canadian Baptists of New England, has produced quite a sensation among the French-Canadians of New England, as well as of Canada, where he is well known both because of his services for the church, and because of his influential family relations. He united with the French-Canadian Baptist Church in Worcester, Mass., July 1st, when he was baptized by Rev. Arthur St. James, who has been directly instrumental in helping him to take this decisive step, and who has special reason for rejoicing that God has given us such a well equipped helper in the work of evangelizing the French-Canadians of New England. Indeed, Mr. Coutlee, as Rev. Mr. Williams says, is the first Roman Catholic priest in New England who has become a Baptist.

It was our privilege recently while at Worcester to meet Mr. Coutlee, whose evident sincerity and manliness, together with his refined manners and earnest desire to devote himself to the spiritual emancipation of his countrymen, made a most favorable impression. He is a very effective speaker, as attested by those who have heard him preach at the French Baptist Chapel in Worcester.

The following autobiographical sketch, furnished at our request, gives desired particulars concerning his family connections, as well as his official positions in the Roman

Catholic church, and tells in brief the story of the way he was led into the light:

537 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS., July 2, 1900.

REV. DR. H. L. MOREHOUSE, NEW YORK.

Dear Brother:—Answering the desire you expressed Brother St. James to furnish you a brief sketch of my life and work, I feel happy to find an occasion to offer you the expression of my deepest respect, and to inform you of the following:

About my family connections I may say that my father was a member of the Provincial Parliament before and after the Canadian Confederation, representing the county of Soulanges, in the Province of Quebec. About the year 1870 he was appointed chief of the "Law Stamp Office," in Montreal, Can., and died in that position in 1882. My mother, Mrs. M. H. Chenier, is a second cousin to Dr. Chenier, M. D., one of the heroes in the Insurrection of the French-Canadians in 1837, and to whom his fellow patriots erected a statue in the city of Montreal. My brothers are generally well-to-do citizens in Montreal. The oldest is a Notary Public, well esteemed by all, who was appointed a year ago General Consul of Monaco, Europe, for the Dominion of Canada. Another of my brothers was a "Pontifical Zouave" in the army of Pius IX. My uncle, Sheriff L. M. Coutlee, from Aylmer, P. Q., who died a few weeks ago, married a Protestant lady, and all his six children are Protestants: Lieut.-Col. Coutlee, Advocate, one of the officers of the Supreme Court in Ottawa, Dr. H. Coutlee, M. D., from Sharbot Lake, Ont., Charles Coutlee, civil engineer, now in the Canadian contingent in South Africa, and three daughters: The late Mrs. Malloch, M. D., from Ottawa, Mrs. Scott, M. D., from Hull, P. Q., and Mrs. Fleming, from Toronto, who married Sir Wm. Fleming's son. My grandfather, Capt. L. P. Coutlee, was the son of the first Coutlee who came to Canada about the year 1714, who was captain in the Battalion of de Lotbinières, and who married the daughter of Mr. P. Watier, Royal Notary.

I received my education in Catholic institutions: At the Bishop's School, Montreal, the Christian Brothers' Montreal College, Montreal Seminary of Philosophy, and Montreal Grand Seminary of Theology.

After having received the Tonsure and the four Minor Orders from the hands of His Grace Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, I joined the Order of the O. M. I. (Oblates of Mary Immaculate), and continued my theological training in the O. M. I. Seminary, in Ottawa, where I received from the hands of his Lordship Bishop Chet, sub-deaconship and deaconship, and the priesthood from the hands of his Grace Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, in 1889.

I received then my Obedience (an order transferring a Religious from one place to the other) for Ottawa University, where I was named at once by the Provincial O. M. I., of Canada, Theological Instructor of the Young Fathers (priests). During the five or six years I spent in Ottawa I was Professor of French and of Natural Sciences, Assistant Bursar, Master of Ceremony, one of the Directors in the *Zumorate* O. M. I., and Assistant Priest in Sacred

Heart Church, the most aristocratic French church in the Dominion, where members of parliament attended during the sessions. I also performed my functions as a priest in the other parts of the archdiocese of Ottawa, in Quebec, in Montreal, where I belonged for a while to the staff of those who were sent to preach missions (revival meetings) in the different parishes and dioceses. In February, 1897, I was elected vice-principal of the Qu Appelle Industrial School, in the Assiniboia, N. W. T., the largest school for Indians in the whole Dominion.

I crossed the Atlantic in 1898, on personal business, and spent some months in France and a year in Belgium, where I taught Holy Scriptures and French Rhetoric. I came back to Canada in September, 1899, and was sent to Ville-Marie, P. Q., as a local missionary.

Having been lately (last May) put in charge of a Mission I had to visit every month, I profited by that occasion to come here and join the Baptist church.

For commendations: Since 1887 I kept corresponding with ecclesiastical dignitaries, and especially since 1893, with his Grace Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, Man., and generally in the most intimate and friendly terms. In a letter of recommendation Archbishop Langevin said: 'Father Coutlee has a special facility for preaching, and does not drink.'

I have my letters of jurisdiction signed by the Archbishop of Ottawa and St. Boniface, and the Bishop of Pembroke. In Quebec and Montreal the jurisdiction comes through the local superiors.

And even when I left Canada, June 1st, I had, and have now in hands, the letter my last Superior gave me when he sent me in a Mission.

I was led to abandon Romanism by the want of charity I experienced in it, the study of the Roman system, which I found human and not divine; faulty, tyrannic, and anti-Christian in too many points, and I was prepared to join the Protestant religion (which could rather be called the true Catholic one) by the visits I paid to the Protestant members of my family,—who edified me so much by their perfect behavior and Christian piety—and by a special study of the Bible since my youth, the comparison I could establish, in Canada, United States, and in Europe, between the Catholic and the Protestant faith; and, since two years, the kindness and altogether evangelical devotedness of Rev. Brother A. St. Ames, who is doing so great a work among the French in New England, and especially in Worcester, and who guided me to the light of the gospel. Efforts have been made from the part of high dignitaries in Canada and the States, priests and laymen, relatives and friends of mine, offering me good and lucrative situations to bring me back to Romanism.

But I have considered so well beforehand all the difficulties I would meet with in the future, that no contrary considerations could turn me back.

To stay all further oppositions, I heartily and publicly confessed yesterday, July 1st, my change of heart, by my receiving baptism from the hands of Rev. A. St. James, not as a sacrament which could expel original sin from my soul, but as an exterior confession of my interior feelings.

I stand ready to answer any questions and to meet any objections that could be made to the above letter.

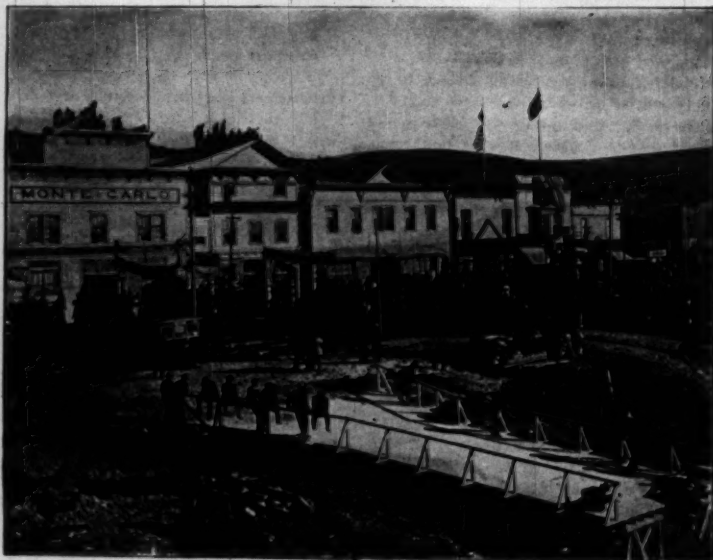
Any attack from the Roman side will simply give me an opportunity to expose more fully the defects of their system.

And any desiring to free themselves from the human system of Rome, and wishing to openly and fully attach themselves to Jesus Christ and His word, will find assistance and a hearty coöperation from Mr. St. James and myself. Yours in the Master's work,

M. J. ARTHUR COUTLEE, ex-Priest, O. M. J.

looks as if the Chinese would be liable to much more trouble in the future.

After considerable trouble, the Health Board granted permits to another lady and myself to go and live in the quarantined district. We were there from Saturday evening until Friday following, at which time the quarantine was lifted. The Chinese were very glad to have us come in; they all seemed to feel the Christian people had helped them very much. Everywhere I went the people told me that if the "Jesus people" had not helped them, they would have been driven from their homes. The evening of



DAWSON CITY, ALASKA

Chinese.

Trials in San Francisco.

OUR work here has been considerably interrupted this month. The quarantine of Chinatown, of which I wrote you a month ago, continued until the 15th of June. This made four weeks in which no business was done in Chinatown. The quarantine was finally raised by Judge Morrow, of the Circuit Court, on account of its being proved that the laying of the quarantine was discrimination against the Chinese, and therefore a violation of their treaty rights. There was no proof of any Bubonic Plague here. The whole affair was a scheme to annoy the Chinese, and an attempt to drive them from their present quarters in San Francisco. The scheme failed, but they (the City Board), succeeded in doing the whole State a great injury by their false reports. Still they continue their scheming, and it

the day that the quarantine was raised, there were two large meetings, one at the Presbyterian Mission and the other at the Congregationalist. Each was crowded. Most of the Baptists went there. A number of different ones spoke. The last one was the secretary for the Six Companies (probably you know that these Six Companies control to a large degree Chinese affairs here). He, for the Six Companies and the Chinese people, thanked the missionaries, the ministers, and the Christian people for the interest and help they had given the Chinese during their troubles. The last week of the quarantine we held meetings in our church which were well attended. The two weeks since, we have taught any men who came the earlier part of the evening and had meeting, commencing about 8 P. M. One man is to be baptized to-morrow evening; five are to join the Young Men's Christian Association, and forty-five have signed cards saying they want to learn the

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Christian doctrine. We feel that Christianity is more in favor with the Chinese than ever before, and pray that the recent troubles may be overruled to the salvation of many of these people.

MISS MARTHA J. AMES.

When the Deacon Talked in Church.

By Rev. William T. Gunn.

WE weren't expecting anything unusual that Sunday, but we got it; it was a warm Sunday in June, and our annual foreign missionary sermon and collection were to be given. But that didn't excite us any, for we had slept, I may say, through both sermon and collection many a time before. It wasn't the sermon, either, for that didn't seem so different from usual; but that time it just happened to come home to the deacon. As far as I can remember,

the dog. So after dinner he picked up the little bits of fat, and bone and gristle, that were left, and took them to the dog. When he got to the dog, some one heard him say, sadly, "I meant to bring you an offering, Fido; but I've only got a collection."

Well, it did kind of hit home, for most of us hadn't ever given much of a collection, only just enough to look respectable when the plate passed. But the preacher went on till he showed us that this command "Go ye" meant just what it said—that we had to go. And he told us that it meant everybody had to go too. Now I always thought there was some special kind of call that came to one here and another there, and when they felt the call, they had to be a missionary. But he said that wasn't in the Bible, and that everybody was commanded to "go ye" unless they had a special call to stay at home; and, even if they had a call



DAWSON CITY, ALASKA.

the preacher took for his text the old verse about "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" only he dwelt considerable on the "Go ye." He said it didn't say anything about taking up a collection; but it did say to "go," and that the Lord would never be satisfied until we went.

Our collections, any way, he told us, didn't amount to much, and always reminded him of a story he had heard of a little boy. It seems the little fellow was saving some of the best meat on his plate for his dog; but his mother noticed it, and told him to eat that himself, and after dinner he could take what was left on the plates and give that to

to stay at home, they were bound to do their best to provide a substitute to go for them, and to help everybody to go that could. Then he just asked us how we would feel if we hadn't any Jesus to go to for forgiveness of our sins, or for help in our trials, or strength against temptation, or comfort in sorrow, or guidance in our perplexity; no Jesus to tell us how to live here, and especially no Jesus to tell us about the love of God, and where our loved ones went when the darkness of death shut down on them. This was what made life so dark and hard to the heathen, and in our gifts we were to think of the Lord's command to us, and the heathen's need for us to go.

Then he prayed a bit; and the choir didn't sing any that day, but the organ played a soft voluntary at first while the collection was taken. Old Deacon Bright, he got up to pass the plate on his side. The old deacon was as fine a man as you'd meet in a day's journey, as good a neighbor, and as honest a man as ever lived. Nice two-hundred-acre farm on the fifth line, and a fine family, all members of the church. Jim, he ran the farm; Jack, the second boy, just ready to go to college; and Mary had her diploma as teacher, and was studying in the Toronto hospital to be a nurse. The mother, too, was just as nice a woman as you could find anywhere.

The old deacon had been getting considerable deaf of late years, and always sat alone in the front pew. I guess he got kind of dreaming over the sermon; for, as he rose to get the collection plate, he began to talk to himself, and to do it out loud. But, bless you, he couldn't hear himself, for you have to shout to make him understand anything. So, as I was saying, he took up the plate, and began to talk; and, as far as I can recollect, this is just about what he said:

"So that 'Go ye' means me and every one of us, and this is the Lord's plate, and what we put in is our substitute for going ourselves, and shows how much we love Him and how much we think we'd have been worth to Him, seeing we don't go ourselves."

Then he got to the back seat, and passed the plate. Now, our back seats are almost always full of young men; and, as they put their money in the plate, the old man went on: "Twenty-five cents from Sam Jones. My boy, you'd been worth more than that to the Lord. Ten cents from Dave Brown, five from Tom Stone, and nothing from Steve Jackson, forty cents for four boys, and every one of them could go, too; and they're worth six hundred dollars a year each to their fathers, and only forty cents to the Lord."

Next pew Mr. Allen and his family sat. Mr. Allen put on a dollar for the family, and the old deacon moved away, saying: "The Lord died for the wife and little ones, too, and they have nothing to give."

In front of them was Judge Purvis, with his wife and two daughters. "The price of one of your dinners down town;" "Half of that pair of gloves you wear;" "Almost as much as you spent for ice-cream last week;" "One box of candy;" were the deacon's comments, as the coins fell from the hands of the judge and family.

Then Farmer John Robb put on a bill rolled up, and Mrs. Robb put on another, Johnnie Robb a little envelope bulging with coppers, and Maggie helped the baby to put another little bag on; and the old deacon said, "God bless them."

"You may be sure we were all listening by this time, though we didn't dare to turn around, and there were lots of us mighty glad the deacon wasn't taking up the collection in our aisle."

John McClay's pew came. "Worth a dollar a year to the Lord, and two thousand a year to himself," said the deacon. "Seventy-five dollars for a bicycle, and twenty cents for the Lord, don't match, Tommy McClay. Ah, Miss Ellen, it looks queer for a hand with a fifty-dollar ring to drop five cents on the plate."

"Less than last year, James Stevens, and the Lord blessed you, too. A new house for yourself and an old quarter for your Lord, Alex Bovey."

"You take in washing and can give five dollars to the Lord. God bless you, Mrs. Dean. What? and Minnie has some, too, and wee Robbie."

"Fifty, seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety; ah, your dinner will cost more than you have all given, Mr. Steel. A bright new dollar bill, and spread out, too, Mr. Perkins; I am afraid ninety-five cents was for show. A check from Mr. Hay; it'll be a good one, too, for he gives a tenth to the Lord. Two dollars from you, Harry Atkin, is a small gift to the Lord, that healed your dear wife."

"Ah, Miss Kitty Hughes, that fifty cents never cost you a thought; and you, Miss Marion, only a quarter, and you could both 'go ye' and support yourselves. Five cents from the father, and a cent each from the family. I guess John Hull and family don't love the heathen brothers very hard. Ah, Mrs. McKimmon, that meant a good deal to you; the Lord keep you till you join the good man that's gone. Charlie Baker, and you, too, Effie; I doubt if the Lord will take any substitute for you. Nothing from you, Mr. Cantlie; not interested, I s'pose? Heathen at home; p'raps you're one of them."

"Five cents, Mr. Donald. I doubt you'd want to put that in the Lord's hand; and you, Mr. Jenkins, no more."

Then the old man came to his own pew, and, as his wife put on an envelope, "Ah, Mary, I am afraid, my dear, we've been robbing the Lord all these years. I doubt we'll have to put Jack and Mary, too, on the plate, wife. Jim, my boy, you'd be worth far more than that to the Lord." Jack and Mary sat in the choir.

So it went on from pew to pew till the old man came to the front again, and there he stood for a moment, the plate in his left hand, fumbling in his vest pocket. But he said, "No, that isn't enough, Lord; you ought to get more than that; you've been very good to me." So he put the plate down, and taking out an old leather wallet, counted out some bills on the plate, and said: "I am sorry, Lord, I didn't know you wanted me to go; and Jim will keep mother and me on the farm now we are getting old, but I won't keep Jack back any longer; and Mary's been wanting to go, too, only I wouldn't let her. Take them both, Lord."

Then, while the old man sat down and buried his face in his hands, Deacon Wise jumped up, and said, with a lump in his throat: "Dear pastor, we haven't done our duty; let's take up this collection again next Sunday." And a chorus of "Amen" came from all over the church, and the pastor got up with tears in his eyes, and said: "My friends, I haven't done all I could, either. I want to give more next Sunday, and I'll give my boy, too."

Then we sang a hymn as we closed, but it sounded different to what it ever had before:

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all;"

and the organist said she believed it went clear through the roof, and I guess God thought so, too.

I think the old deacon felt pretty bad when he found out how his day-dreaming had been done aloud, and one or two felt pretty hard at first, but they knew it was true. So that was what started us as a missionary church, and we've kept on ever since. There have been fourteen members of our Christian Endeavor society gone out as missionaries in the last five years, six of our best young men, and eight of our brightest girls.

Jack Bright? He married the organist, and they are out on the borders of Thibet, where his medical skill is winning a way for Christ. Mary Bright married the minister's son, and they went to Africa. The old deacon has gone to his rest now; I wish we had more like him. Jim keeps his mother on the farm yet; but she's getting pretty feeble.

You're much obliged? Oh, that's nothing; I'm glad to tell you. You see I have two of my own boys that are in the work now, one in India, and another in China, and another is getting ready to go. My name? John Donald. You're laughing? Yes, I was the one that gave only five cents that day; what the old man said about putting it in the Lord's hand stuck to me. But I hope to give the Lord a boy or a girl for every one of those five cents. Even my two youngest are talking about going already. You see the Lord said, "Go ye," so we're all going. Good-by—
T. Dingee.

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

There are 16,000,000 children of school age in the United States under Temperance Education Laws.

Virginia has but recently taken this step. We have seen at Mrs. Hunt's home the pens with which many Governors signed the temperance education laws of their States. Like the pens which signed the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation, they speak of the breaking of a terrible bondage which has enslaved the people. One of Mrs. Hunt's favorite mottoes is this: "If we save the children to-day, we shall have saved the nation to-morrow." Said an old colored man to her, as she left Louisiana, after the passage of the temperance education law of that State, "I have it agin y'e, marm, that y'e didn't come sooner. If y'e had, y'e might have saved my boys."

Our Little folks.

The Children's Army.

WE can hear the glad sound of their coming,
The fall of their feet by the way;
And we know by the murmurs that reach us,
That numbered by thousands are they.
'Tis a right royal road they are treading,
These children so sturdy and true,
And above them floats out a bright banner—
The banner of red, white, and blue.

'Tis the army of children, yet ever
To conquests anew they march on,
And though many the enemies conquered,
Their warfare is hardly begun.
Not a fear of the demon Intemperance
Lurks near them as onward they go,
But they cry, "We are valiantly ready
To strike at the heart of our foe."

O children! be brave and be steadfast,
To you do we look to fulfil
All these hopes which the heart of the nation
Now feels the embryo thrill.
To the winds toss your banner out proudly:
The red, white, and blue, let it wave;
For no flag was there ever unfolded
More worthy to shadow the brave.

—Selected.



He Showed His Colors.

By Ernest Gilmore.

LAST summer Harold, who is only eight years old, took a long trip with his mother, away out to Wisconsin. When they started for home they reached Chicago just in time to take the evening train. They could not get a whole section for themselves in the palace car, but had to share one with a lady and gentleman, who were very kind and polite. When bedtime came Harold had to sleep in the upper berth, which seemed to him very much like a shelf.

Some time during the following forenoon the gentleman went out to a restaurant at one of the stations, and soon returning, brought two glasses of foaming ale, offering one to Harold's mother, which she declined with thanks. The other glass he gave to his wife, who seemed very glad to get it, and drank the beer with a relish. Harold was disgusted. It was funny the way he put out both his little hands (as if warding off a mad dog), and saying, half laughing, but wholly in earnest:

"Oh, take it away, take it away! It makes me sick."

"Why?" said the man, "what do you mean, child?"

"Do you see that?" asked the little blue-eyed child, looking fearlessly into the man's eyes, while he pointed to the little enamelled temperance badge he wore, with the three bits of red, white and blue ribbon just below it.

"Yes, I see it; what does it mean?" asked the man, roughly.

"It means no ale or beer for me, now nor never," the boy said bravely—"and none for mamma, either."

"But the badge you wear only pledges you; it has nothing to do with your mamma," the man answered as he sipped his ale.

"But mamma wears one her ownself. Show it to him, please, mamma."

The mother turned back her cape, and there upon the waist of her dress was tied a tiny bow of white ribbon. She was a W. C. T. U. woman. She spoke not a word; she did not need to. That little white ribbon told the whole story. That little boy showed his colors that day and sowed good seed.—*The Water Lily.*

Temperance Lesson.

OPENING hymn, "Yield not to temptation."

Prayer by leader, and Lord's Prayer in concert.

Leader, Proverbs 23: 29th verse, "Who hath woe?" etc. Children, 30th verse.

In concert, 31 and 32.

Ques. Of what important things are we to think this month?

Ans. Of ways in which we may help to keep our bodies sound and healthy, and our brains clear and active.

Ques. What verses of the Bible speak directly about this matter?

Little boy. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Little girl. "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Ques. What should we avoid if we would keep the bodily temple pure?

Ans. The use of alcohol and tobacco.

Ques. What definition has been given to alcohol?

Ans. "Alcohol is a poison to stomach and heart, to nerve and brain, to muscles and blood, always and everywhere in cider, home-made wine, and beer, as in brandy, whiskey, and gin."

Ques. And what will tobacco do?

Ans. "Tobacco has power to destroy all nerve power, and to dwarf the user physically, mentally, and morally."

Ques. Name the drinks which in different countries are making hosts of drunkards:

Wine, brandy, beer, and whiskey in America.

Ale and wine in England.

Wine and absinthe in France.

Beer and wine in Germany.

Saki in Japan.

Opium in China.

Wine in Italy.

Vodka in Russia.

Arrak in Turkey and Arabia.

Kava in the Islands of the Sea.

Ques. What ought the boys and girls to remember?

Ans. When we are asked to take a little wine or beer we should remember that it is the "first glass" which is the first step upon the road to ruin.

Ques. How much money is spent in the United States for liquor every year?

Ans. \$750,000,000. As a result, one hundred thousand people annually go down into drunkards' graves, and it would be almost impossible to count the number of hearts and homes made sad and dark with poverty and sorrow.

Ques. How many cigarettes, foreign and home-made, are sold in this country each year?

Ans. The last figures we have showed a sale of four billions. It is said that placed end to end these cigarettes would almost encircle the earth, and laid side by side two inches deep they would cover a ten-acre lot.

Ques. What effect does cigarette smoking have upon the boy who practises it?

Ans. It stunts his growth, and has a bad effect on his nerves and brain, so that he cannot be a good scholar.

Ques. Can you give an instance?

Ans. The teacher of a Chicago public school found that eighty of his pupils smoked from two to twenty cigarettes a day. Six only of these boys were able to do good work in their classes. The others suffered constantly from headache, drowsiness, and dizziness. Truancy and theft have been directly traced to indulgence in the cigarette habit.

Ques. What other telling fact can you give?

Ans. The general freight agent of a large railroad will employ no more cigarette users, for he says of the 200 men now in his service 32 are cigarette fiends, and eighty-five per cent. of the mistakes occurring in the office are traceable to the 32 smokers.

Ques. What should each of our Baptist boys do to show his right principle, as he is growing up to manhood?

Ans. He should never smoke a cigar or cigarette, for this is often the first step in the wrong way, nor should he ever touch a drop of liquor.

Ques. What might every one of our boys and girls well say?

"If a little pledge will keep me
Safe and sound,
And will show some sinking mortal
Solid ground;
If it ties me fast to life-lines
Strong and true,
Why, I'll take the pledge and keep it—
Wouldn't you?"

Ques. What is an excellent pledge?

Ans. The one of the Loyal Temperance Legion, which, in rhyme, is this:

"God helping me,
I promise not to buy, drink, sell, or give
Alcoholic liquors while I live;
From all tobacco I'll abstain,
And never take God's name in vain,"

Closing exercises.

Why He was not Wanted.

A BOY was wanted in a large factory, a quick, willing boy, who would receive good wages and learn a good business. "I've got a boy for you, sir," said a man to the manager; "a bright boy, who will never need to be told twice to do a thing." "That is good; I'm glad of it. Who is he?" asked the manager. The man told the boy's name and where he lived. "I don't want him," said the manager; "he's got a bad mark."

"A bad mark! What do you mean?"

"Yes, a bad mark. I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smokers."—*Ex.*



How He Began.

A MAN was once sitting in a saloon. He had an old battered hat on his head, a short black pipe in his mouth, and wore a dirty shirt, ragged clothes, and broken shoes; but he had seen better days once. As he looked out of the saloon door he saw two tidy, clean little children come for their father's beer. As soon as they were outside the door the little girl took a drink from the jug while her little brother waited patiently for his turn. The poor drunkard looked at them very sadly, and then said with a sigh:

"Ah, that's how I began, and can't leave it off now."

The Greatest Crime.

A STORY is told in the Orient of a wise old sheik who gave to a young Arab prince, from whom he was about to part, a list of crimes, and bade him choose the one that seemed to him the least harmful. The young prince turned in horror from such crimes as murder, theft, and loss of virtue, and told the old patriarch he would choose intemperance.

"You have chosen that which will bring all the others," said the wise old man.—*Ex.*

A T a school for Indian boys the question was asked of a boy ten years old: "What does alcohol do to a man's brain?" "It makes him think crooked," he replied.